

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

A Beacon of Good Times.

Yesterday's Christmas issues of New York newspapers furnished a gratifying proof of the growth of prosperity. The times are good, and the newspaper business is good along with them.

The Herald, for instance, published yesterday 251½ columns of advertising, and the World 250½. These are great figures, and we congratulate our contemporaries upon their flourishing condition. We are glad to see our neighbors enjoying a healthy growth.

We mention the Herald and the World in particular because their advertising rates are the same as the Journal's, which has been doing a little growing of its own. Yesterday, for instance, the Journal printed 321 columns of advertisements, which breaks all newspaper records in the history of New York. A comparison of the advertising in the Christmas issues of the three papers named in 1898 and 1899 will show the following remarkable gains:

Columns of Advertising.	
1898	1899
Gains.	
Herald.....	211
World.....	251½
Journal.....	225½
	250½
	211
	321½
	110½

The Herald's gain of 19 per cent in advertising in the past year, like the World's gain of 11 per cent and the Journal's gain of 52 per cent, measures both the increasing prosperity of the country and the growth of public regard for the paper. In the Journal's case this regard was exhibited not only in advertising, but in sales. The white paper used in printing yesterday's edition amounted to about 450 tons, or something like three times the weight that could have been carried by the whole fleet with which Columbus discovered America.

It is easy to see why this enormous issue should have been called for. The ten sections of yesterday's Christmas Journal, comprising about a hundred pages, represent the high water mark of newspaper work. The exquisite illustrations in colors were equal to the finest class of de luxe book printing. A few years ago such reproductions of the greatest paintings of the world could not have been obtained at any price. The literary features were worthy of the pictures. The conditions were all favorable for breaking records, and accordingly every sort of record went to smash.

Only One Way Out.

The decision of Judge Gildersleeve dissolving the injunction by which the Board of Public Improvements has been temporarily restrained from concluding the Ramapo contract makes it clear that the plan of attack adopted by the Journal was the only one that offered assured protection to the public interests. Anything in the shape of injunctions could give only a precarious relief. If it were beaten once the company would come back at another point.

The Journal's policy went to the root of the trouble. It proposed to destroy the corporation. If the Ramapo Company no longer existed there could not be a Ramapo job. The Journal has secured authority to sue in the name of the State for the dissolution of the corporation, and there is every reason to believe that it will be successful. In that case the city will not have to depend exclusively upon Comptroller Coler's firmness to save it from a gigantic spoliation. When the present Ramapo Company is dead no future one can hope to gain its extravagant charter privileges. A successful ending of the Journal's suit will free New York forever from the fear of this colossal steal.

Brooklyn as a Non-Church Going City.

According to expert calculation there are 623,737 people in Brooklyn Borough who are not influenced by the churches. This out of a population of 1,197,100 is amazing. It is equally amazing, considering the above facts, that Brooklyn is not the wickedest city in this country.

The exact reverse is true. Whatever Greater New York may be as a whole, Brooklyn is a moral and praiseworthy city, from Bensonhurst to Newtown Creek and beyond. This goes to show that even though Brooklyn may not go to church, the inhabitants are possessed of innate righteousness.

In this relation we quote a Brooklyn minister:

There is not in this land any city whose customs, traditions and manner of life are more favorable to the Church and to church-going than Brooklyn. There is not in the world a better city to live in, and yet even here, with every condition to favor it, the Church is not reaching the people.

Can it be true, as Dr. Savage says, that the Church has ceased to represent to mankind something vital, something which they can believe, something that they can love, something that they can worship and something worthy of their manhood and womanhood?

Is it because the Church is drifting away from its theological foundations? This surely cannot be true, because men would rather follow a natural religion than an artificial theology.

In the words of a modern philosopher, religion is based upon works, and theology upon faith. Religion is in harmony with science and all other truth, while theology is often at war with it.

But so long as Brooklyn's average of moral rectitude remains so high, even the ministers have no just grounds for complaint!

EDITORIAL COMMENTS ON THE DAY'S NEWS.

IN THE BIG TRUST factory of the American Tobacco Company, on West Twenty-second street, hundreds of pale face girls sit all day long by the wonderful machines from which roll the small white cigarettes in steady streams.

Each machine has a different song. The general uproar is like that of a colony of frogs in a death swamp. Some of them seem to scream: "Paresis! paresis! paresis!" Others snarl: "Disease and dissipation! disease and dissipation!" One particular machine—almost a Frankenstein in intelligence—in the eternal rush of its business murmurs hoarsely: "Death! death! death!"

And the steady outflow of white coffin nails—each a soul-sapping, brain-destroying microbe—pours over the country without cessation. The result? Edgar Burns, smoking seventy-five cigarettes per day, fired a bullet through the brain of Herbert B. Fellows at Squawdale. Defence, cigarette insanity.

John Henry Tanner, nineteen years old, smoking seventy-five cigarettes per day, is in jail at Greenwich, a self-confessed thief and moral degenerate. Defence, cigarette insanity.

John Slover, a Jersey City youth, smoking three packs of cigarettes per day, is in a hospital strait-jacket. Cause, cigarette insanity. Charles McKim, a Harlem youth, smoking three packs of cigarettes daily, was arraigned in the Harlem Police Court. He testified that "eight times eight are eighty-one." Cause, cigarette insanity.

Great is the Tobacco Trust and its death

machines, and great is the country that permits it to exist.

JOHN ADAMS and his young daughter were arrested for begging. In the Yorkville Police Court, where he was arraigned, his wife appeared. She wore diamond ear-rings and a costly dress.

The well dressed beggar who sells pencils on Fourteenth street was recently arrested. It was proven in court that he was the owner of three tenement houses.

The hand organ soldier who piles his trade in front of a Sixth avenue church is known to be worth many thousands of dollars.

It speaks well for our emotional charity, but argues poorly for our judgment, that we can give these persistent beggars houses, silks, and diamonds and pass unnoticed the long line of ragged and shivering wretches who wait nightly in front of Fleischmann's bakery for a free loaf for their starving families.

Misery on professional parade deserves but little. It never starves. It seldom suffers. If you want to be really charitable take your carriage and drive down to some of the missions in the slums and make a round of calls among the poor families. You will come back wondering how the sun can shine and how the world can laugh in the face of such utter misery.

Do not ease your conscience with gifts to professional beggars. Give alms intelligently.

MR. ALONZO STAGG, of Chicago, has a baby seven months old that is training for gubernatorial honors. It has already arrived at the Roosevelt stage of athletic intelligence.

He began active training when only a month old. He can now do a trapeze act, an infantile

flip-flop, a balance feat on his father's hand, and can stand on his bald head with his feet in the air. He can do everything but talk.

Here is a praiseworthy exception to the regulation infant. In this country babies are coddled and swaddled too much. They are kept in close proximity to stoves and heaters. In crib or bed they are made to carry too much weight for age in the matter of covering. Their little lungs are supposed to be too delicate to breathe fresh air.

All these handicaps and restrictions of natural growth originally sprung from the hearts of doting mothers and have gradually become traditional. Englishmen living in a far more salubrious climate than ours are much better able to bear cold. Their houses are seldom heated to a point higher than 60 degrees. Their children run bare-legged until the snow flies.

Give your baby a chance to expand and to grow naturally.

PLAIN TALK WITH THE PEOPLE.

Money in Circulation.

Editor of the New York Journal.
In your issue this morning, under the head of "Money in Circulation," is a Washington dispatch or letter stating that the circulation of money in the United States amounts to \$2,000,000,000.

Enclosed is an article published in the Boston Post showing that the circulation—actual circulation—is not \$1,200,000,000. The statement is marked, but the facts are clearly given in the body of the article. Will it accord with the course of your paper to correct the mistake?

WILLIAM B. PHILLIPS.
Amsterdam avenue and One Hundred and Twelfth street, New York, Dec. 9.

The article enclosed by Mr. Phillips assumes that the Treasury statement of money in circulation, on which the Washington dispatch he criticizes was based, includes "uncoined gold and silver bullion in the Treasury to the amount of \$196,042,919" and "\$524,023,373 of coined money locked up in the Treasury." It does not. The money in the Treasury is kept carefully distinct from that in circulation. This is the statement for November 1:

	In Treasury.	In Circulation.
Gold coin.....	\$240,800,256	\$634,650,733
Silver, standard dollars.....	411,700,639	71,331,740
Silver, subsidiary.....	2,370,612	76,173,164
Notes, United States.....	29,416,350	317,294,666
Notes, Treasury, act of 1890.....	934,386	88,803,894
Notes, national bank.....	3,999,431	239,067,193
Certificates, gold.....	24,844,000	127,503,519
Certificates, silver.....	5,657,235	394,976,239
Certificates, currency.....	30,000	13,735,000
Totals.....	\$719,822,537	\$1,963,716,148

Undoubtedly the Treasury tables considerably exaggerate the amount of money in circulation—not, as our correspondent thinks, by the gross blunder of counting coin and bullion locked up in the Government's vaults as part of the circulating medium, but by overestimating the volume of gold in the channels of business and by taking no account of the continual waste of the paper currency by fire and other losses.

Hard Working Trolley Men.

Editor of the New York Journal.

I want to call your attention to a class of employees in our great city whose usefulness, I believe, too little appreciated. I refer to the conductors, motormen and gripmen on our street railways. On several occasions I have seen gripmen by their cool, intelligent, decisive action, displayed at the right moment, save several lives that otherwise would have been blotted out or their bodies terribly mangled.

Were these acts of heroism published in the newspapers? If so, I have never had the pleasure of reading them. But if a gripman or motorman is so unfortunate as to injure a person, although the person injured be wholly to blame, he is immediately arrested and brought before a magistrate.

Dep. 6.
That motormen, gripmen and conductors are harshly judged by the public is due in a great measure to the intolerable conditions imposed upon them by the companies that employ them.

The nerve qualifications of a motorman running his car through crowded streets are as important and as necessary as those of the locomotive engineer of a passenger train. Yet they are treated but little better than brutes.

Their hours are long and wearing, their leisure is a mockery, and they are practically strangers to their own firesides.

In the bleakest winter weather they are forced to stand on open platforms, facing a howling blast, no matter what direction their car may be going. Thus when a steady nerve is required their eyes are blurred and frozen and their hands are like blocks of ice.

In Philadelphia, where mankind appears to be more humane, the front platforms of trolley cars are closed in winter, and gripmen are able to face their awful work much better. The scheme is entirely too charitable for the companies of Greater New York, who seem to regard brutality as a virtue.

It is true that both motormen and conductors are often intolerably rude and insolent to passengers, but much of the cause may be found in the hardship of their lives.

Denied the Right to Work.
Editor of the New York Journal.

Your item from one that signs himself "Hard Up" draws my pity, for, like him, I volunteered my services to Uncle Sam when he needed men to fight for the country, and after our return home and being mustered out of service I got a first class discharge from the army. I have done my utmost to find employment, but without success.

I would have enlisted in the regular army, but they will not enlist any one over thirty-five years of age in time of peace. I am willing to go to any part of the world to work, willing to work night or day, for, to tell you the main facts, I am almost without shoes to my feet or a coat to my back.

Many is the time I have wished the fever or a Spanish bullet had ended my existence. However, I can only hope for better times to come, but they cannot come too quick for me, for I am on my last legs.

VOLUNTEER.

PASTORS APPLAUD JOURNAL'S XMAS NUMBER IN COLOR.

Leading Ministers Declare That the Full Page Reproductions of the Life of Christ, in the Holiday Edition, Are Educational Both in Religion and Art, and Felicitate the Journal on Its Achievement.

THE Journal was generously congratulated yesterday by many citizens upon the excellence and beauty of its Christmas edition in colors. Especially appreciative was the clergy of the city, to whom the eight full-page reproductions in color of famous paintings by old masters, and the double-page reproduction, also in color, of Pigheim's "Story of Bethlehem," appeared most strongly.

The subjects were all religious—the Story of the Christ—and were brought out in all of the beauty of five and six colors, the effect being the same as in high-class lithography, where seventeen colors are used.

All of the work to get out this splendid number was done in the Journal office, even the ink being made there, and was performed by the ordinary number of Journal employees. The edition consisted of an eight-page Christmas section, the double-page reproduction noted, a comic section in color, a magazine section in color, an editorial section in color and a music section in color, besides two other twelve-page sections and a twenty-four page main sheet section.

In addition to the color work, there were exquisite pictures in half tone, a triumph in themselves of the newspaper art, and the whole edition was printed on a battery of Hoe presses, the finest in the world. Here follow some of the kindly expressions of appreciation for the Journal's efforts to achieve a distinctive enterprise in the newspaper field:

Worthy of All Praise.

Grace Church Rectory.
Editor of the New York Journal:
Dear Sir—The art supplement of the Christmas number of the Journal is worthy of all praise.
O! si sic omnia!

W. C. Huntington.

Will Brighten Many Homes.

Church of the Blessed Sacrament.
Editor of the New York Journal:
My Dear Sir—We have nothing but words of praise and commendation for your beautiful pictures, and feel that they will be the means of brightening many a humble home this coming Yuletide. Educate the tastes of the workman, and we may look forward for grand results. You ask so little for your interesting paper that you place it within reach of the poorest, and by so doing confer upon them a great blessing.

Daniel Henry Oberly.

Elevating and Educational.

The Rev. James H. McGeen, pastor of St. Peter's (R. C.) Church, Barclay street—I have seen the Journal's pictures in colors and approve of them. Such reproductions of famous paintings are elevating to the people. They are educational, too, from the point of view of both religion and art. We educate with pictures as well as with words, and the Journal's Christmas number is helping in the work.

Approves of the Wonderful Enterprise.
The Rev. James Steele, First Presbyterian Church—These pictures are calculated to lift the people of New York to higher and more spiritual things. I approve of the wonderful enterprise of the Journal in reproducing these famous works of art.

A Step in the Right Direction.

The Rev. W. S. Crowe, Church of the Eternal Hope—These pictures are certainly very appropriate at this time. They tend to elevate the masses, and the Journal is taking a step in the right direction.

COMING SOCIETY THEATRICALS AS SEEN BY HOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

WE all greatly regret the withdrawal of Manchester—particularly we that are Strollers. I am satisfied in saying, however, that the Lady of Chicago still will not lack proper escort. I have seen the rehearsals, and certainly there is much to interest and amuse. The dancing is excellent, the singing above the rank of amateur. Then, to be sure, it will be a grand view at short range of many notables, and as the show in many respects is as public as any distinguished friends, Messrs. Weber and Fields, even the dimmest outsider may have the chance of mingling once in a symposium of the gods.

Mrs. George Gould, I hear, is to have a series of private theatricals, too, at her Lakewood house. The intention has progressed even to the stage of setting the dates—December 21 and 22. I have not yet seen the lists of those that are to play, nor have I heard of any single instance of histrionic talent to be tried upon those occasions. I am informed, however, that the cast will include many notable amateurs, and I am suffering with interest for the announcement. There is a good deal of local talent that Mrs. Gould might call in, and at a pinch she might draw upon the stage for material. In this latter event I fancy she would have to pay a high price, for, sad as it sounds, Mrs. Gould no longer cherishes the majority of her friends of yore. Aye, sad, but in my heart I believe this to be the best. It is hard enough to struggle on alone in this world, and none of us cares to carry along an entourage that at the best can be only a thankless burden to bear. I fancy the theatricals, if they are given, will be of the best, for Mrs. Gould is a woman of tact, ingenuity and taste, three invaluable aids in the management of worldly affairs.

The Edwin Goulds, also, are still looking up in the world. They are very much in evidence at



Mrs. Edwin Gould.

Ardsley—whatever social distinction that includes—and are now arranging a yachting tour on the Nada. I understand they will develop an ambitious list of guests for this little journey in the world, but so far I have heard no word of the elect. If they would permit me to suggest, they will not include in this entertainment any of the Standard Oil people that congregate up the river. So far, all the trust magnates are far out of the social running, and it will be of no earthly advantage to the Goulds to take along a lot of people who so far have rested content in hiding their light under a bushel.

I hear a lot of talk these days about the Lippett house, at Newport, that I am able to correct. The scandalous assumption that Mr. Lippett was surreptitiously thrusting a caravansary upon the unsuspecting cottagers is all bosh. All that Mr. Lippett is attempting is a baronial castle in the best Cincinnati style, and its ultimate purpose can offend no one save an architect or a person with a subtle taste for the ideal. Mr. Lippett, in no way, is attempting a hotel. He is merely striving for the original. I need not say that he has succeeded.

I greatly regret the death of Prince Ruspoli, and in this I am not alone. The Prince had the honor to marry Miss Curtis, an American girl of the well-established family. By contrast to the usual precedent, he made her an excellent husband, and his life has been full of discretion and honor. I recollect him when he came over, four or five years ago. His agreeable and unassuming manner won him many friends among us, and many have heard with sincere regret of his early death. I fancy this could not be said of the large majority of Italian nobles that have married among us, for with most of them their amiable effort has been reduced to making ducks and drakes of many respectable American fortunes and winding up with intolerable



Mrs. Fred Beach.

cruelty to the wives that brought prosperity. Society has set the hall-mark of approval upon a new departure in woman's sphere of usefulness. Marry come up! It is none less than landscape gardening. Miss Cadwalader Jones is the young woman from within the pale that has gone forth to wrest chaos from the gardens. I hear that she has embarked in her enterprise with enthusiasm and ability, and that already a number of contracts are awaiting her here. Tea rooms, painting and sculpture and bonnet shops were the restricted sphere before this; why, I cannot imagine. I confess myself democratic enough to believe that a gentlemanly man may even do typewriting with honor upon himself, but there are many among us, I sigh to confess that I cannot see it in the same light. However, gardening will now offer to our young women a new avenue of escape from the dire results of bread winning. Not that Miss Jones stands in this necessity; by no means so. Hers is merely the artistic perception striving to indicate its presence.

From what sombre origin the brightest features may come! So pardon me if I murmur. Pardon me if I lead attention unto the fuzzy contemplation from which the galloped but, verily my speech, I say this in the view of the Fred Beaches, for the lovely Mrs. Beach is already emerging from the gloomy trapping of widowhood. I have noted with others that she has begun to discard the sombre crape, and that the first stages of awakened brilliancy already shine about her. To be sure, the revivifying—if I may use that word—is discreet to the demure. It is mainly of lavender and gray, but this limited combination is developed with her unbounded good taste and art. As one of the most beautiful women in New York she will shine anew, and I am sure that many of her friends will welcome back among them the bright figure they so long have been delighted to behold.

HOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

SHALL DEWEY'S WIFE PRECEDE MILES'S? WASHINGTON SOCIETY GREATLY AGITATED.

Washington, Dec. 10.—Mrs. Nelson A. Miles and Mrs. George Dewey, on account of a delicate point of precedence which the President must settle within the next few days, are central figures in the gossip of society at the capital.

What the President must decide is which shall first greet him after the diplomats have passed in review on New Year's Day, General Miles or Admiral Dewey? Though the wives of the heads of the army and of the navy are not officially interested, society attaches special importance to the matter on their account, as the President's rank is considered to establish their own respective status at future capital functions. Who shall be first, Mrs. Dewey or Mrs. Miles?

That there is a problem at all grows out of the fact that for many years Washington society has known no admiral nor any admiral's wife. During all that time the highest official next to the President and members of his Cabinet has been the Major-General commanding the army. Accordingly, that position has been accorded him and his wife at all Executive Mansion functions. It has been enjoyed by General Miles and his wife. When he and his wife have greeted the President on New Year's Day, army officers have come next, and then officers of the navy.

Now we have an admiral who ranks two grades above General Miles. This fact stares the President in the face. He is aware that to change a state of things that has prevailed for so long will create much dissatisfaction, particularly in the army. Appreciating the seriousness of the

question the President has called Secretaries Root and Long into consultation.

It is already whispered that the secretaries' views do not harmonize, and that this seemingly small matter will demand the consideration of the full Cabinet in solemn session.

Both Mrs. Dewey and Mrs. Miles are numbered in the receiving party for New Year's Day at the White House. They will be there to see what happens—though, of course, they will know beforehand—and many other ladies of official rank reflected from their husbands will be there with their eyes fixed upon the principals in the drama.

Officers of the army are contending that while at private, and perhaps official dinners, Admiral Dewey should have the precedence to which his grade entitles him, the New Year's Day affair is a matter of departments, not persons, and that, therefore, no change from recent custom is called for.

But it is clear that the President has not hit upon so simple a solution of the matter as this, and equally clear that Washington society is divided into two opposing camps, in which the women champions of Mrs. Dewey and Mrs. Miles are as active as any principals in such an affair could wish.

The People's Money Bondage.

Editor of the New York Journal:
I learn from your esteemed Journal and other sources that the great money trust, through their agents in both houses, will begin next week to

forge another link in the chain which has held the American in financial bondage for the last thirty years—bondage in comparison to what our condition would have been if our legislators of that time had established a common sense financial system.

The first link in the chain was welded when the exception clause was put into the Legal Tender act, which became law on February 25, 1862.

From that day to this the scheme which emanated from "The Square Mile of London," or, in other words, the money lenders of England, and adopted by the money lenders of the United States, has borne fruit, increasing the power of money and decreasing the power of the people to have any control of the laws which govern them.

Volumes have been written—and the Journal has done its share—to open the eyes of the people; but in 1862 there were over 7,000,000 voters who did not know their right hand from their left, so far as knowing or acting on the knowledge that the financial plagues of the Republican party have been riveting link after link and fetter after fetter on those who produce our enormous wealth.

I see that the Republican manipulators did not dare to put forward their pet scheme to do away with Government money and give the money lenders (the banks) the power to issue all paper money.

When they can do that the consummation of the conspiracy commenced in '62 will come to pass. But they would not try it on the eve of a Presidential election. Verily, we wait watchmen upon our walls.

N. E. MATHEWSON.

Boston, Dec. 3.